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[From Chamber's Journal.]
ADVENTURE ON THE ATLANTIC.

A singular adventure once befell me on the wild coast of the north of Ireland, where the Atlantic heaves its billows against that giant barrier of black rock, which seems in stern defiance to say to the invader: "Here shall thy proud waves be staid." It brings a shudder to my heart to reflect in calmness on the only time in which I saw that threatening coast. I was a total stranger in that part of the world, and wanted to get to Scotland. I was told a Glasgow steamer called at a small town or village on the coast; and I took an Irish car, and set off on a journey of about twenty miles to meet the said steamer. I am not going to record any witty sayings of my droll Irish driver; they say wretchedness in Ireland has greatly passed away, and somehow it appears to me that Irish wit and humor have greatly passed away with it. Years ago, when the road I was traveling over was very bad, and the Irish miles were nearly half as long again as they are made now to measure, an Englishman, borne along on the same singular kind of conveyance as I was, complained to the driver most bitterly concerning the state of the roads, and the length of the miles in his unfortunate country. "Ah! sure, then, your honor, that's the very reason the miles be so long," was the answer; "because they're bad, we give you good measure." But now the roads are made bet, and the miles shortened, so that travelers do not so much require to be kept in good humor.

Arrived at a poor-looking small town, lying flat on the sea shore, my driver announced the object of that arrival to a man, who at once informed me that I must "go round the corner" in a boat, to get to the steamer. Seeing a white wall in the distance, he pointed, I concluded that wall concealed the steamer from sight, and only took the precaution of bargaining for the sum to be paid for putting me on board of it. That, indeed, was speedily settled; it was not a great sum. An autumn afternoon was drawing on, and I had no inclination to check the hurried departure which the man seemed anxious to make. Without entering a house, I followed him to a boat, where he left me, to hasten away in search of another passenger. He secured two rather young men, and an old widow; they were all Scotch, and strangers like myself.

When we got "round the corner," the aspect of matters began to look strange. There was no steamer to be seen; but on went the boat out into the open sea; on and on it went; whether bound I knew not, nor do I believe the man himself did. The wind had been high all day, though the sun was bright; it rose higher and higher; the thick black wall of rock was seen at a distance, chafed by the white surge that tossed against it. The waves lifted up our fragile skiff, and from their summit we looked into gulfs from which it seemed impossible we could ever re-ascend. Seriously alarmed, I called to the boatman, entreating him to put back. I pointed landward—perhaps toward the rocks and the breakers—and begged him to land us over there. His answer was, "We will keep her afloat as long as we can." But his perplexed look, his wandering, anxious eye frightened me more than his words. The storm increased—land disappeared—the autumn afternoon drew on. No sign of a steamer in sight. Terror took hold of our souls; the men were white with fear. Beside me sat the little old Scotch woman, her widow's cap closely circling her small face, her hands clasped on her bosom, her eyes looking neither at the sea nor sky, but immovably directed straight before her; her lips incessantly repeating, in a clear, steady voice, heard distinctly amid the roar of wind and waters, an accumulation of texts which it seems surprising that her mind could at once collect on the same subject. "The voice of the Lord is on the deep; the voice of the Lord is on many waters." Such words came calmly sounding out amid the roar of the elements with a wonderful power, at least on my own troubled mind. When our heaving boat rode on the crest of a mighty billow, and the valley of the shadow of death seemed to open to us from below it, that calm, devout voice brought me that sense of relief which one feels when knowing that you are not in danger of meeting death in the midst of godless companions. "He holdeth the winds in the hollow of his hand;—Fear not, for I am with thee; he not dismayed, for I am thy God. When thou

passtest through the waters, I will be with thee."

There is something in the retrospect of a storm at sea so terribly magnificent, that those who have ever witnessed such an added, by such a visible commentary, to words in themselves so sublime. Never did I at all fully conceive the weight of those expressions until, while our mortal life seemed almost the plaything of the raging ocean, I heard that quiet old widow saying, "Fearful in praises; doing wonders. He holdeth our soul in life. He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Be still."

That our strange boatman was now thoroughly terrified, and, indeed, at his wits' end, (which, I believe, it was not very hard to reach,) became quite evident; and his exclamation, after another survey of the dark horizon, gave us additional cause of fear, as we gathered round it his own apprehension that the steamer he had so madly come out to look for might have already passed on her way. A murmur of horror, and, from the two male passengers, of rage against him, broke forth as the fearful doubt arose; but on my part it was somewhat quieted by the voice beside me, "He maketh a path in the waters. He rideth on the wings of the wind. His footsteps are not known."

There was a short interval of deep silence. Evening was fast closing in; the sky was darkening and darkening. My old comforter was perhaps silently praying; for I could still see the hands clasped on her black dress. The eyes were now closed; but, after some minutes of such silence—whether it was the conclusion or not of her prayer, I do not know—she uttered the words, "For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen." How energetic, how real, seemed such an ascription of praise, such an acknowledgment of divine power! But singular, almost unlike reality, it seems, to add that almost simultaneously—at least before they were well ended—there was a cry from the boatman, "There she is! Praise be the Lord!"

Poor fellow! he was an Irishman, and half-witted as he must have been to have brought himself and us into such imminent peril, he uttered a thanksgiving not so often heard from more enlightened men among those who go down to the sea in ships.

The men started up. In the twilight was seen a trail of smoke—then a white chimney—then the great dark hull; and soon the stamping paddles, walking through the clashing billows, in which for six hours we had been tossing, still spared, while still almost ready to perish. Now, all our fear was that we should not be seen—be hidden in the trough of the sea just as our life-preserver passed us by. The men held red handkerchiefs aloft, and the boatman shouted. But the roar of the wind was louder than their shouts; and, as the means of safety approached, so did the torments of fear and suspense increase in intensity. I recollect holding up a white handkerchief, that was soon rent from my feeble hand, and borne away on the wings of the wind; and as I uttered a cry that had not escaped me before, the old Scotch woman murmured, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom, then, shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

On comes the great steamer; her noise is heard, her paddles are seen; but can she see us? Shout—shout louder still! We who cannot shout, cry to those who can. The shouts are not heard—the cries are borne away by the howling wind; the waves appear to roll over and bury them. But mercy is around us. We are seen. The steamer stops; and amid and above the roar of wind and wave, comes the deep-toned voice of the captain's speaking-trumpet, in sailor fashion, demanding, with the usual expletive, "Who the devil are you, and what are you doing there?"

Our boat nears the vessel, that looks a leviathan beside it; and a storm of furious objections is showered by the captain on our luckless boatman. A rope-ladder is hastily let down; the bulwarks are lined by all on board, full of wonder and compassion; up jump our two male companions, and are the first eagerly to ascend the ladder of safety, leaving the two women to follow if they please. I determined to follow the Scotch widow; though she was not the first to rise, I made her go before me. The pitching of the boat alongside of the steamer was frightful. The firm voice of the captain and sailors above us, by offering safety, seemed to make each instant of danger more sensibly felt. But lo! the calm, pious, steadfast heart of the old widow fails at the final moment; she has crept about half way up the ladder, and there she sticks, flat against the side of the tossing steamer. In vain the captain commands, the mate entreats, the sailors encourage; there she sticks, as if fastened to the ship's side. Her hands have grasped, with a sort of death clutch, a step of the ladder of rope, and nothing can unclasp them; nor can she be moved up or down. In vain I urged her to let me save myself. There I am in the pitching boat, the unhappy boatman urging me from below, and the sailors urging her from above. The men were wise to save themselves first; they were looking down on us now, perhaps, and thinking what foolish, helpless creatures women are.

At last the words "haul up the ladder," are pronounced by the captain, comfortable for me to hear, without knowing if it will ever be lowered again. The smiling, good-natured sailors repeat the order, and up goes the rope-ladder. "Lay it flat on the deck" is the word, and the ladder and clinging Scotch woman are laid prostrate there—she on her face, with hands closed in that death-clasp round the rope, senseless and cold as if life had indeed departed. If they cut that step of the ladder away to which she clung, or found some other means of extricating it from her grasp, I know not; but just as I was believing myself abandoned, I heard a sailor's cheery voice, "Another woman in the boat!" "Lower the ladder; and as soon as she puts a foot on it, haul up and lay it on the deck," says the mate. Now, I had a small basket and an umbrella in the boat, and I wished to save them with myself; so, when the hope of doing so revived, I took up my basket and umbrella, and before I got well on the ladder, I let the mate who gave these orders see that I had them in charge, and then said, "Will you be so good as to let me go up by myself, if you please?"

They did so; and the captain himself gave me his hand and drew me up on deck, saying, "You are a brave woman; your life is worth saving."

Ah, captain you ought to be a good judge, but not half so brave as I as that good Scotch woman whom you have just hauled up, and laid on your deck, clinging to a morsel of rope.

I did not say those words; underserved praise perhaps overcame me, for I burst into tears, and showed the stout captain I was anything but a brave woman or a good sailor, or, indeed, at all worth saving, though I could climb up a ladder of rope by the side of a steamer rolling heavily on the billows of the Atlantic.

[For the Henderson Reporter.]
"THOSE EYES."

BY J. SHANNON BLACKWELL.

In standing in the broad doorway
Of a crowded, busy store,
A lady, far from the quay
Of monumental Baltimore,
Passed down the street with graceful sweep
As the sweet moon, rising, her watch to keep.

Nearing the corner of the street,
She turned her fair face around,
And when her glances so softly met
Our optics met, we stood spell-bound.
For from her bright, expressive eyes
A language broke, in sunbeam sighs.

'Twas just a look, that's all, yet
We saw the blazing fire within
And knew that sorrow's gleams ne'er wet
A soul kept warm by glances in
She onward passed, like others do,
And soon from us was lost to view.

Her eyes were like the midnight hour,
We envied her, for we knew their power
Suppressed the mighty Jacobin
And, which woman's worth ne'er mars,
She was fair as the "Gentle of the stars."

Her lips were of the richest glow
Which on the good ripe cherry lies,
But all we thought or dared to know
Was who belonged to those bright eyes—
For in their depths a freshness dwelt,
And at whose shrine we would have knelt.

Her glances struck into our heart
Like meteors thro' a summer sky.
Whose fiery beams refulgent dart
To dazzle many a wondering eye—
So thro' our soul the dart did glide—
Love clinched it on the other side.

When sorrow presses on our brow,
And dull care winds her gloomy chain
Around our heart, we'll think of now,
And look into those eyes again—
For who could resist their witching power?
Not us, should they flash out life's dark hour.

But hark! she comes up street again,
I hear her graceful feet, but who's
That with her?—free from pain
He walks and talks—while we've the blues;
I'll stand it no longer—"Say, boy, go, see,
Ask Joe Semolin to unravel the mystery."

HENDERSON, Ky., Jan. 9, 1863.

George Frances Train is a Boston man, but he does not seem to admire the Puritan Abolition spirit of New England. In a late lecture at Chicago, he said:

"The New York Herald" was the best paper on the continent, the New York Tribune was the very worst, and the Chicago Tribune was the next in bad qualities. It was damaging Chicago and the whole North-west. He had thought better things of Chicago, but when he came here and found out that the Board of Trade had kicked out the Times, he was prepared to believe that they would try to revise school-books, and conduct an examination on the Abolition platform before any person was permitted to do anything. They were showing themselves on a par with the Massachusetts people, who had set up the nigger as their God, and had now a nigger Legislature, a nigger Union, nigger Constitution, nigger Lexington and Bunker Hill, and not did want the Union to be preserved unless slavery went down. They had also a nigger University, and had put over its gates the words 'No admittance here unless on nigger business.' At the conclusion of his speech he proposed three cheers for the American Union, and three more for the American Empire, South, and West, and North, nigger and white."

For the Henderson Reporter.
CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTIONS.

He who has forgotten the incidents of his childhood, has severed all the dearest and tenderest ties that bind him to earth, and destroyed the sources from which flow the sweetest impulses that the human heart is destined to feel in this life. No dignity, or social rank attained, no ambition gratified, no laurel wreath of fame perfected, can ever compensate for the loss of childhood's innocent sports and joys. The exchange of

The mother's cot among the trees,
Where softly swept the summer breeze,
O'er verdant woods and flow'ry leas,
Echoing children's happy glees,

for the stately palace of the austere man of business, is a sad bargain, ever to be repented, but never revoked, save in the reveries of the heart, faithful to the days of its purest innocence. "The long past" is the Eden of all our sweetest dreams—the home of the fairies and geni of the nursery tales—the paradise of our primeval innocence. "Jack-the-Giant-Killer," "Puss-in-Boots" and "Blue-Beard" are as real personages then, as Cæsar, Alexander, Hannibal and Napoleon of the school-boy days. The "Melodies of Mother Goose" are far more enchanting than the most glorious refrains of the modern opera, and the Jews-harp and "first whistle" are not to be compared with the Mozart and Jennie Lynd performances on the organ or piano-forte. The childhood days form our "Paradise Lost"—our heaven, containing "all things fair and bright." In it are the sweetest music, the loveliest scenes, and the purest angels of which we can have any rational conception. It is the home we have left, around which clings all the tenderest ties of the heart, but to which we can never return.

Let no one, who would enjoy pure and elevated impulses of soul, strive to forget his mother's home, because the sunlight that first dawned upon his infant eyes streamed through the clinks of a log cabin. In the heart of the rustic woman, that pressed you to her bosom and called you "son," was a truer fountain of love for you than you will ever be permitted to sip from mortal lips again; and the peasant farmer, or mechanic, who guided your infant steps and supplied your early wants, labored for you with a more disinterested zeal and honesty than you will ever meet again on earth. If you would not have a heart as cold and unfeeling as Arctic icebergs, never forget the rough hands, the peasant hearts and rustic prayers, elevated to the well-being of your infant years. Let no one, who would retain a human heart, crowd his life so full of business, or pleasure, or schemes of ambition, that he cannot, often, lay aside his blotters and ledgers, or cease from his "busy rounds of festive mirth," long enough to turn over the delicate pages of early recollections. Byron, Moore, Shakespeare, Milton and Pope may charm the intellect and imagination into raptures; but the book of early recollections contains the true poetry of the heart. There is no strained effort at artificial elegance, no sophistry, no mythological erudition. It is a simple record, upon the tablet of memory, of the feelings and actions of innocent young hearts,—yet strangers to the artificial hypocrisy of polished society,—the susceptibilities of the senses as Nature's God created them, untarnished by the withering and blasting touch of a false, corrupt education, and unblunted by a too familiar contact with a depraved and vitiated world.

Oh, the sweet hours of childhood!
When Nature is all fresh and bright.

It was not a period of romance. The young heart knew nothing but truth: it had boundless faith in everything. The Nursery Tales were oracles; "the man in the moon" was gazed upon with wonder, but not with doubt; and the blue sky was the real floor of the Heaven above it. "The Good Man" was looking down thro' the star-windows, and "the Old Boy" was near enough to get all "bad children." Real ghosts walked about at night, and haggard old witches transformed themselves into cats and hares, made stirrups in horses' manes, and could only be killed with silver bullets. Pa was really the greatest man in the world, and Ma was the prettiest and loveliest woman, and the best mother. Ah, cruel time! to tear away such sweet delusions. But the tender faculties were sweetly sensitive to Nature's visible and audible beauties. The world, which, from the rising to the setting sun, was "more than a hundred miles wide," was full of spiritual life. Millions of spiritual beings walked the Earth. Flowers were living things to be talked

to, reasoned with, and petted; the fallen mulberry leaf was a big gold dollar, and he who had the "maniest" of them was richest. Hazel-nuts and chestnuts formed "the stock in trade," the circulating medium, and the legal tender. The little rivulet, "back of the house," with the bright little minnows sporting in its clear waters, was a perpetual wonder. The old gray cliffs that formed its border, the moss and snow-drops that grew along its banks, and the giant trees that grew on the adjacent hill, and mingled their branches with the clouds, were ever objects of admiration. We stood in the cabin door, and shouted, with full hearts of glee, till our noses and fingers were blue, from cold, while "the old woman was picking her goose," and clothing the wintry world with the feathers of snow. We watched, with raptures, the summer rain, as the gusty wind made the big drops fall "cross-legged," and form cups in the puddles; and laughed heartily at the hens running under the old ash-hopper for shelter, till a loud peal of thunder drove us so close to our mother that she had to stop her flax-wheel, until she could reassure us. And then, when the rain was over, and the rainbow, with a bag of diamonds where it came to the ground, spanned the receding thunder-cloud, we paddled out, through the mud and water, barefoot, and waded through all the puddles and branches that came in our way, until we came to "the big branch," where we launched miniature boats on its swollen tide till the cataracts, dashing down over the cliffs, caught our attention, and awed us into silent admiration. I have never heard sweeter music than the literal "voice of many waters" that swelled up, in Nature's grandest harmony, from the hundred rivulets that dashed down among the cliffs that skirted the little green dell.

How sweet to the heart are these childhood pictures! Let us never allow them to be effaced. They cheer our hearts amid the sad scenes of life. And when we sit down in the armed chair of old age, we will ponder them o'er, and hope that they will be reproduced in Heaven.

ANON.
HENDERSON, Ky., January, 1863.

SUCCESS.

Success, we may say, is a hideous affair enough. Men are taken by its spurious resemblance to merit. In the eyes of the multitude, to get on has much the same profile as to be absolutely the best. Success, that Menenius of talent, has one end—history. Juvenal and Tacitus are the only ones who kick at it. In the present day it keeps at its beck a kind of official philosophy, which wears the livery of success, and dances attendance in its ante-chamber. Get on, and what follows? To be in clover is to be clever. You win at a lottery, and you are set down as an able man. It is the winner who is worshipped. Be born with a silver spoon, and your fortune's made. Have bad luck, and the rest won't lag behind. Be but fortunate, and you will be thought great. With five or six immense exceptions, which are the glory of an age, the admiration of cotemporaries is mere weakness of sight. Gilding goes for gold. Where you come from matters nothing; where you get to is all in all. The vulgar is an elderly Narcissus, in love with himself and applauding what is vulgar. Those faculties of enormous power, by virtue of which a man is a Moses, an Æschylus, a Dante, a Michael Angelo, or a Napoleon, are awarded by the multitude "at once," and by acclamation, to any one who makes a good hit in no matter what.

Let an attorney turn himself into a deputy, a sham Cornelle write a *Trictrac*, a euch become possessor of a harem, a military Prudhomme gain by accident the decisive battle of the day, an apothecary invent soles of pasteboard for the army of Sambre-et-Meuse, and with this pasteboard which he sells for leather makes himself an income of 400,000 francs, let a man with a pack on his back take usury to wife and bring her to bed of seven or eight millions, of which he is the father and she the mother, let a preacher whine himself into a bishop, let the steward of a well-to-do family be so rich on leaving his place as to be made Minister of Finance—men give all this the name of genius, just as they gave the name of beauty to the face of Moesqueton, and that of majesty to the neck and shoulders of Claude. They mistake for the stars of the firmament the splay which a duck makes as it paddles about in the soft mud of a boggy ground.—*Les Miserables.*

A gentleman from Iowa has obtained a patent for making wine from sorghum, which is said by connoisseurs at Washington to be equal to Madeira. It can be made for twenty-cents per gallon. A fine quality of rum is made of the same produce.

Immorality wrecks more fortunes than adversity, and bad habits make more bankrupts than bad trade.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.
The French Mediation Policy.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, January 3.—The news received by the last European mail fully corroborates the statements I made in my last letter concerning the disposition of the French Emperor to follow up his design of mediation, and to offer his services to our Government for the settlement of our difficulties. All the dispatches received by the foreign Ministers at Washington indicate such a design, and, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Seward must, by this time, be as well posted on that point as any one of these gentlemen. But, as I have already told you, the proposition will be made in the most friendly spirit, and will carefully avoid any expression of sentiment which might arouse the suspicion or offend the susceptibilities of the American people.

According to the information I have received from trustworthy sources, all proceedings referring to mediation were suspended, after the answer of England and Russia, till the opinions of the American people on that subject had reached the French Government. Immediately after, however, a Cabinet council was convened, in which it was decided that the project of mediation should be forwarded to M. Mercier, to be presented to Mr. Seward.

But in order to make this measure coincide with the high regards which France professes toward other Governments, it was resolved that the project once rejected by England and Russia should be submitted again to those two powers for reconsideration, before forwarding to America.

To that effect the ambassadors of France to London and St. Petersburg were instructed to request Lord Russell and Prince Gortschakoff, since the time for mediation in American affairs had not as yet, in their estimation, arrived, to have the kindness to state what would constitute, in their eyes, the condition of affairs in which they would deem themselves authorized to offer their mediation, and the time at which this condition would be likely to present itself.

At the same time they were advised to make these two powers understand that the French Government was fully persuaded that the time for a mediation was now most opportune, and that it was its intention, should they refuse to consider their first decision, to act alone in the matter.

The latest news received from Europe states that the English and Russian Governments, sensible of the kind regards of the French Cabinet, have taken this second offer into consideration, and are now discussing the propriety of acting conjointly with it in this matter.

AN INDIAN STORY.

There is an Eastern story, which has its version in many languages, of a beautiful damsel to whom a genius of surpassing power desired to give a talisman. He enjoined her to take herself across a field of standing corn; she was to pluck the largest and tallest ear she could find, but she was to gather it as she went forward, and never pause in her path to step backward in search of her object. In proportion to the size and richness of the ear she gathered, so would be its power as a talisman. She went out upon her quest, says the legend, and entered upon the field. Many a tall stalk of surpassing excellence met her glance, but still she walked onward, expecting always to find some one more excellent still. At last she reached a portion of the field where the crops were thinner and the ears more stunted. She regretted the tall and graceful stalks she had left behind, but disdained to pick those which fell so far below what her ideas were of a perfect ear. But, alas! the stems grew more ragged and more scanty as she trod onward; on the margin of the field they were mowed, and when she had accomplished her walk through the waving grain, she emerged on the other side without having gathered any ear whatever. The genius rebuked her for her folly, but we are told that he gave her an opportunity of retrieving her error. We may apply this mystic little Indian fable to the realities of daily life.

Commonplace Women.

Heaven knows how many simple-minded women, have been kissed, cherished, and wept over by men of far loftier intellect. Therefore it is no marvel that the childish epistle of Hope Anstead was read and reread with lingering and throbbing heart. It is a lesson worth learning by those young creatures who seek to allure by their accomplishments, or to dazzle by their genius, that though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though not incompatible with them—her woman's nature and her woman's heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Stael and the Corinnes to take unto his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is—what some few of your "female celebrities" are—a true woman.

The youngest and prettiest girl is no chicken, if she is a goose. It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

The secret of two is a good secret; the secret of three is nobody's secret.

REPORTER.

J. S. SPIDEL, EDITOR.

CITY OF HENDERSON.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1863.

TERMS:

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THE NEWS.

The steamer Creole arrived at New
York on the 11th, from New Orleans on
the 31. She brought dispatches to Gen.
Halleck. The purser of the Creole
makes the following report:

I learn that early on the morning of
the 1st, the rebels made an attack, by
land and water, on the Federal forces at
Galveston. Our gunboats were attacked
by five rebel steamers, protected by
double rows of bales of cotton, and loaded
with troops, armed with rifles, muskets,
&c.

The Harriet Lane was captured by
boarding, after about all her officers,
including Captain Waynwright and Lieut.
Dea, and the crew, 130, all told, had been
killed by musketry from the rebel steamers.

My informant states that but one or two
of the officers, and but twelve or fifteen
of the crew escaped death.

The gunboats Clifton and Owasco were
engaged, and escaped, the former losing
no men and but one wounded. The
Owasco lost one killed and thirteen wounded.
Two barks loaded with coal fell in
to the hands of the enemy. The West-
field, the flag-ship of Commodore Ren-
shaw, was not engaged, being ashore in
another channel. Her crew were trans-
ferred to transports, and Renshaw, fearing
she might fall into the hands of the
rebels, blew her up.

By some mismanagement, or accident,
the explosion occurred before the boat
containing Renshaw, Lieut. Zimmerman
and the boat's crew got away, and they
were consequently blown up with the
ship.

The crew of the Westfield arrived at
New Orleans on transports, and the re-
maining troops are on the way back.—
They did not arrive until the place had
been evacuated. All the fleet are on
the way to New Orleans. The rebel
force was estimated at about 5,000, under
General Magruder.

Our land force, under command of
Colonel Burrill, of Massachusetts, prob-
ably did not exceed 300; the residue did
not arrive, or not being disembarked in
time to fight. Our loss was estimated at
from 150 to 200 killed, and 200 taken
prisoners, the navy suffered most. It is
thought the rebel loss was much more, as
our guns were firing grape and cannister
continually into their midst. The rebels
had several batteries on shore. The
Federal troops were on one of the long
wharves, and, it is said, repulsed two
charges of the rebels before they surren-
dered.

The following is from the Richmond
Examiner of the 10th: A special dis-
patch to the Charleston papers says that
Bragg addressed the citizens of Decherd
and Winchester, Tennessee, on Monday,
assuring them that he would not leave
them, but make a stand between Alliance
and Fort Makoma. He had fallen back
to give his men repose after a battle had
exhausted the enemy. The Yankees
have advanced six miles from Murfrees-
boro.

CHARLESTON, January 8.—The follow-
ing is from Kingston, N. C., January 8th:
"The enemy are making immense prepa-
rations for an advance. Reinforcements
are daily arriving from Suffolk. The
Yankees at Morehead City and Newbern
are about 50,000 strong, under General
Foster. They will probably attack
Charleston, Wilmington, Weldon and
Goldsboro simultaneously. It is re-
ported they are now cooking their march-
ing rations."

The Richmond Enquirer of the 10th
contains the following:

"ALEXANDRIA, N. C., January 11.—The
State Journal has reliable information from
Newbern that the enemy has not less than
80,000 men on the coast, and that a most
formidable fleet is at Beaufort. It is sup-
posed an attack is meditated on Wilming-
ton and Goldsboro."

There was a sharp fight at Springfield,
Mo., last week. General Brown com-
manded the Federal troops, and was se-
verely wounded in the shoulder. The
Confederates entered the Federal stock-
ades on the evening of the 8th. A very
large amount of army stores, arms and
ammunition, etc., were at Springfield, and
they doubtless were the chief incentive to
the Confederate attack. The rebels were
finally repulsed and left the Federals in
possession of the town. Col. Crabb tele-
graphs Gen. Curtis the Federal loss at 17,
and says "we buried 35 rebels, and many
more were taken off the field."

The Michigan Legislature re-elected
Mr. Chandler to the United States Sen-
ate, for six years, on the 8th inst.

A Cairo telegram of the 11th says:—
"By an arrival to-night from the mouth
of the Yazoo River, we have authentic
accounts from Vicksburg," and contin-
ues:

Sherman's repulse was complete.
The entire force under the direction of
McClelland re-embarked on Saturday on
transports, closely pressed by the rebel
advance, which, coming in range of the
gunboats, was driven back with severe
loss.

At last accounts the entire fleet of
transports with troops, had arrived at Is-
land No. 82, on their way to Napoleon.

The Illinois Legislature met last week.
The following resolution was passed on
the 8th by both Houses, only one mem-
ber voting against it:

Resolved, That we are profoundly con-
vinced of the truth, and approve of the
declaration of General Jackson in his
Farewell Address, that "the Constitution
cannot be maintained, nor the Union pre-
served, in opposition to the public feeling
by the mere execution of coercive power
of the Government. The foundation
must be laid in the affections of the peo-
ple, in the security it gives to life, liberty
and property in every quarter of the
country, and in the fraternal attachments
which the citizens of the several States
bear to one another as members of one
political family, materially contributing to
promote the happiness of each other."

A resolution was offered endorsing the
President's Emancipation Proclamation,
and was laid on the table by a vote of 49
against 33.

Hon. W. A. Richardson has been elected
to the United States Senate.

A Wilmington, N. C., dispatch, of the
10th, says: "The iron steamer Giraffe,
with a valuable cargo of Government
stores, and a special messenger from Eu-
rope, arrived at a Confederate port to-
day."

A Murfreesboro' dispatch of the 9th,
says: "The loss of the rebels increases
daily. Two thousand of their wounded
were sent to Laverne yesterday. Many
more were left here, but cannot be moved,
as their wounds are frightful, and most
of them will die." A later dispatch says:

"Laverne has been accidentally burned,
so that the rebel wounded have to be sent
to Nashville and thence to Louisville for
treatment."

We clip the following from the Evans-
ville Journal, of Tuesday:

"A GOOD CROP.—The steamers Mattie
Cook and Hattie Gilmore arrived from
Bowling Green yesterday morning early,
with deck crowded with rebel prisoners,
who were captured at Murfreesboro'. We
believe about 1,000 were to be brought
down Green River, but the third boat had
not arrived up to a late hour in the after-
noon. Among the prisoners were a good
many officers, who were given the free-
dom of the city, and manifested little hesi-
tation in airing their plantation manners,
much to the delight of some of their
sympathizing friends in this locality."

The rebels generally were stout
looking men, and were warmly clothed.
Their shoes were very good—fully equal
perhaps to those of the Union troops.—
They seemed also to be in fine spirits and
banded words with citizens in a manner
that evinced the utmost indifference to
their surroundings. They were evident-
ly determined to "keep a stiff upper lip."

Another boat with between 200 and
300 more prisoners on board arrived at
Evansville on Tuesday. The privateers
are to be exchanged as soon as circum-
stances will admit. All commissioned
officers have been sent to Camp Chase,
we understand, by order of Gen. Rose-
crans, to be kept in confinement until the
order of Jeff. Davis' proclamation, re-
quiring captured Federal officers to be
put in close confinement, is rescinded.

Charles H. Sandefur, formerly of this
place, taken prisoner near Murfreesboro',
is in the city. He was one among the
number on boats which stopped at Evans-
ville. He reports that Eugene L. John-
ston, acting Lieut., and Decius Wayne,
also of this place, were killed. Levi Ra-
dy was wounded in the arm. Green L.
Higginson, of Union-own, was killed by
a cannon ball.

The Kentucky Legislature met on
the 8th inst. Governor Robinson's mes-
sage, the most important part of which
we publish to-day, recommends the Leg-
islature to reject the President's Emanci-
pation Proclamation, and protest against
any interference with our State policy as
unwarranted by the Constitution, and
thinks the Proclamation giving freedom
to slaves in rebellious States inflicts upon
Kentucky a fatal though indirect blow.—
He says the saddest fact of the Proclama-
tion will be to fire the whole South into
one burning mass of inextinguishable
hate, and destroy all hope of restoring the
Union, which is only possible by adher-
ing to the Constitution as it was; and,
further, that the most alarming aspect of
the Proclamation is the usurpation of the
powers of the Government by the Presi-
dent, under the plea of a military neces-
sity. He advises the Legislature to place
on record their protest against the Pro-
clamation. The message is an able docu-
ment, and deserves to be read with inter-
est by every one.

Senator Bayard was re-elected
United States Senator from Delaware on
the 9th inst.

MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR ROBINSON.

To the General Assembly of Kentucky, at
the A. Journal Session, Jan. 8, 1863.

The first part of the message of Gov-
ernor Robinson is devoted to a brief re-
view of the origin of the rebellion, the
course Kentucky has pursued, and the aid
she has rendered to the National Govern-
ment. He approves of the grant made by
Congress, for the establishment of agri-
cultural colleges, and recommends the
Legislature to take steps to comply with
the conditions of the grant. The second
half of the message is devoted to the Sla-
very question, in relation to the Presi-
dent's Proclamation of Emancipation.—
This portion we give in full:

From this brief but not vain-glorious
allusion in the action of Kentucky, one
would naturally suppose that so much
loyalty and so much sacrifice would have
endured her to all her sister States, and
that her rights would have been most
scrupulously regarded. But has it been
so? Has Kentucky no right to complain
of a disregard of those rights, and fre-
quently of a wanton violation of them.—
Let this important question be answered
by setting forth the wrongs she has suf-
fered and which daily increase in frequen-
cy and violence.

She has a right to complain that her
neutrality has been denounced in the halls
of Congress as either treasonable or cow-
ardly or both. This is a most unkind re-
turn to those patriotic and loyal men, who,
perfectly understanding the difficulties in
their path, adopted the only line of policy
that could stem the tide of Southern sym-
pathy, and in so doing kept safely to her
moorings a great State which, if it had
been lost to the Union, would greatly
have weakened the National strength, if it
had not indeed changed the whole char-
acter of the war. But this perhaps is an
ephemeral wrong which eventually may
recoil upon its perpetrators and be vis-
ited upon them with contemporaneous and
historic contempt.

She has a right to complain, that since
the occupancy of her country by the Fed-
eral troops, the rights of property have
not been duly respected. Under the spec-
ious plea of "military necessity," farms
have been laid waste, provisions have
been seized, forage has been collected,
and instead of being bought in open mar-
ket, where the supply would have been
ample and the competition fair, Commis-
saries have gone with teams and soldiers,
taking grain and other commodities from
the farmers at whatever price the Com-
missaries chose to affix to them, and ut-
terly regardless whether the farmers could
spare them or not, and instead of prompt
payment, leaving in its stead cumbrous
certificates which have to pass through
many hands before they are properly au-
dited, and then to pass into the general
vortex of Governmental claims. In con-
sequence of this oppressive and inexorable
policy, because unnecessary conduct, many
of our farmers have been deprived of the
means of subsisting their own stock dur-
ing the present winter, and the direct and
consequential losses to them have been
ruinous in the extreme. Yet even this
might have and has been borne as one of
the unpleasant concomitants that follow
the marches or encampments of troops;
but still it is a matter of wonder to Ken-
tuckians why a different rule prevails on
the opposite side of the river. Why is it
that all supplies are bought and paid for
in Ohio, the Government coming in as
any other purchaser, while the same
things are unceremoniously seized in Ken-
tucky? Had Kentucky lost any of her
equality with other loyal States, and, if
not, who is responsible for making a dis-
paraging difference with her?

I call your attention to these as among
the many annoyances our people endure;
and perhaps they complain less of them
because there looms up before them a more
gigantic evil—one, the bare contemplation
of which sickens the heart and fills all
with gloomy and dreadful forebodings.—
I allude to the disturbance of the slave
property of Kentucky.

Whether it would have been better for
her that the institution had never been in-
corporated in her civil polity it is useless
now to inquire. It was brought from
our old mother, Virginia, and by men
who had fought through the Revolution-
ary War until its triumphant conclusion.
Whatever Utopian notions there may be
about African liberty, these men had
achieved American freedom. It came
among us unnumbered with prejudices,
and the gradual growth of a century of
racial accommodation until the relative
rights of master and slave were fully un-
derstood and so administered as to lead
to mutual prosperity and advancement.
The African captive, the creature of su-
perstitions ignorance and savage cruelty,
was gradually emerging from his low es-
tate to one of comprehension of the true
principles of the Christian religion and
human civilization. He had broken his
idols and worshipped with fervor and in-
telligence the great God of the Universe.
To such an extent had this amelioration
progressed, that, at this day, and in this
State, to compare the American of Afri-
can descent with his Caffree or Hottentot
progenitor would be absurd. This ad-
vancement had been under the tutelage of
a humane but necessary subjection to a
superior race, and if false humanity vi-
olates it, the result will be, that the "Afri-
can of African descent" must either re-
vert to his original barbarism, or perish
from the earth, the victim of a liberty he
could not appreciate, or the victim of
vices that have already exterminated the
aboriginal savage.

Kentucky in separating from the "Old
Dominion" engrafted the institution upon
her own fundamental law, and from that
day to this it has been uninterruptedly
protected by her own constitutional and
legislative enactments. Her right to this
species of property has never been ques-
tioned. It is sanctioned in the National
Covenant, has been protected by Con-
gressional provision for its recovery, and

solemnly adjudicated by the Supreme
Court. Kentucky held it liable to the in-
cidents of the status, and bore with much
patience the losses sustained by those who
were fugitives from labor. She lost an-
nually from this cause more than any
State in the Union; yet she never attempt-
ed violence in its recovery. Although
she had much complaint against fanatic
citizens of the North-western States, she
felt the force of the distinction between
irresponsible individuals and the acts of
those great Commonwealths. She there-
fore did not consider those vexatious in-
terferences from her neighbors as just
cause for her to break up the fraternity of
sister States, or to seek redress outside
the Constitution of the United States.—
She was aware that that instrument, faith-
fully administered, constituted her best
safeguard for her slave and every other
species of property, and when an attempt
was made to seduce her from her allegi-
ance she "frowned indignantly" upon the
first seductive enticements upon her loy-
alty. In the antecedent pretexts and pre-
parations for the rebellion she took no
part.

As an abstract question, and one of but
little practical value, she looked on with
indifference upon the Kansas imbroglio—
regarding it as more speculative than of
real importance, considering that accord-
ing to the conceded rights of the States
each Territory, on becoming a State,
would settle the question according to the
view it took of its own interests. And
hence in the Presidential election, while
she chose for her own candidate one who
maintained the abstract view of the South-
ern question, she was glad to see the
Northern side enunciating in their Chi-
cago Platform a distinct disavowal of any
right or purpose to interfere with slavery
in the States where it already existed by
law. To this position the successful candi-
date was unmistakably committed, and
hence it was, that while Kentucky was
disappointed by the defeat of her own
candidate, she felt hopeful that no impos-
sible barrier had been presented to a
peaceful adjustment of all pending diffi-
culties. She never allowed herself for
one moment to stop to discuss the value
of the Union. In her estimation nothing
could compare with it in value, or com-
pensate for its loss; and hence, when the
Southern politicians made bare their trea-
sonable purposes, regardless of the dis-
ruption it made in her own social fabric,
and the utter derangement and ruin of her
commercial interests, she took her stand
on the side of the Union and has main-
tained it with her treasure and her blood.
The Constitution of the Union has not yet
been changed, and, with her consent,
never shall be.

But since the commencement of this
civil war there has suddenly grown up a
theory outside of and above the Constitu-
tion, and a new doctrine has been intro-
duced into practical exhibition—that
"military necessity" is not to be measured by
constitutional limits, but must be the judge
of the extent of its powers. As an off-
shoot from this political heresy there have
appeared among us not only anti-slavery
propagandists, but men who have actually
presumed to override our own State laws
and turn regiments brought here ostensi-
bly for our protection into cities of refuge
for runaway slaves. To such an extent
has this been carried, that not only have
our citizens been driven from the camps
where they have traced their property in-
to the possession of the soldiers, but the
civil officers have been prevented from
serving any process for their recovery.—
This high-handed and iniquitous conduct
is daily and hourly weakening the cause
of the Union and paralyzing the efforts to
suppress the rebellion. And, in addition
to all this, it is putting the State to im-
minent peril. It is asking too much of the
citizen to expect him to fold his arms in
quiet submission when his property is
taken from him in his very presence, and
to be rudely thrust aside at the point of
the bayonet when he attempts to reclaim
it. Your State laws are already ample for
redress of offenses against the property of
the citizen, as the same have been ordi-
narily committed; but I suggest to you
the propriety of other and more stringent
laws against the infamous practice of Ab-
olition soldiers in this particular, and to
do this effectually there should be a solemn
reaffirmation of the great truth that in all
free Governments the military is and must
be subject to the civil authority, and by
proper legislation give it a practical mean-
ing by providing for its maintenance at
all hazards.

It is but just to add that this accusation
does not apply indiscriminately to all the
regiments that have been quartered in
Kentucky. The commanders of many of
them oppose the practice so far as they
can do so consistently with what they be-
lieve to be their duty as subject to the
rules and articles of war and the procla-
mation of the President of the United
States, issued on the 22d of September
last. To that proclamation I would now
call your especial attention.

While I am willing to believe that the
President thought that his proclamation
would have a beneficial effect in expedi-
ting the close of the war, it is now ap-
parent that he has lent too facile an ear to
the schemes of Abolition partisan leaders,
who have practiced upon his patriotic
heart, blinded his better judgment,
alarmed his fears, and induced him to
publish a manifesto from which nothing
but evil, and that continually, can flow.
As an operative edict in the Southern
rebellious States, it can have no other effect
than to strengthen them in their rebellion
and give a tolerable pretext to their cause.
He might with as much reason have is-
sued a proclamation to them to lay down
their arms. Both equally expose him to a
contemptuous rejection of his scheme.

But he makes a distinction between
slavery in the rebel States and slavery in
the loyal States, and proposes to the latter
compensated emancipation as an equiv-
alent for their surrender of the institution
itself. It is probable that this proposition

was intended especially for Kentucky;
but how vain is an offer when there is no
power to accept it, even if there was a
disposition to do so? Kentucky's Con-
stitution fixes the institution as a part of
her settled policy, and the question is a
concluded one, only to be reopened by the
call of a Convention and the adoption of
a new Constitution. This could not, ow-
ing to the provisions of the instrument,
be effected until many years have elapsed
—a period before the arrival of which it
is to be hoped this wretched war will
have been brought to a close.

But even if there were no constitu-
tional impediment in the way, his proposition
would be an ought to be promptly re-
jected. Kentucky understands her own
interests too well to be thankful for gra-
tuitous advice as to the mode in which she
should manage them; and when she wants
the assistance of any outside administra-
tion for her affairs, she claims the privi-
lege of originating the suggestion. I
would therefore suggest the propriety of
your passing a resolution, by way of re-
sponse to the President's proposition, that
Kentucky rejects it; and at the same time,
in behalf of her own unquestioned rights
as an independent power in the control of
her own State polity, protests against any
interference with it as unwarranted by the
Constitution of the United States.

After thus disposing of what may be
considered as especially addressed to
Kentucky, I would call your attention to
the proclamation of the President, de-
claring freedom to all slaves in the rebel
States, and forbidding the interference of
the armies of the United States with any
who were endeavoring to assert their free-
dom.

I have thought it becoming my official
duty to say what I have in relation to
so much of the proclamation as looked to
an admission or rejection of it by our
State. But Kentucky is equally involved
in the material branch of the proclama-
tion which undertakes, by a Presidential
edict, to emancipate, instantly, all the
slaves in the rebellious States. These
may, without an exaggeration of their
numbers, be set down at four millions.—
Abstracting them from the aggregate of
the slave population of the United States,
and there remains a mere fragment in
Delaware; not over one hundred thou-
sand in Maryland; about fifty thousand
in Missouri; and by the last census two
hundred and twenty-five thousand in
Kentucky. So that it is apparent that
Kentucky has the largest residuary in-
terest, supposing that the proclama-
tion is enforced in the Southern States.—
That the value of this interest must be
reduced to nothing by the successful opera-
tion of the President's ultimatum, is too
manifest for argument. Is there any
reason why Kentucky should be sub-
jected to this indirect but no less fatal blow?

Is there any thing in the Constitution
of the United States that warranted it?—
Was there any thing in Congressional
legislation that warranted it? And does
any subsequent indorsement by a partisan
Congress relieve it from its original usurp-
ation? I think that one may search in
vain for any such power given to the
President in the Constitution of the United
States; and any exercise of powers
not granted therein is an attempt to
save the Union out of and not in it.—
Kentucky and all loyal States hold it to be
a fundamental doctrine that the Union, if
saved at all, must be saved in strict con-
formity to the Constitution; and not in
violation of it. The truth is so clear that
argument is superfluous. No one at all
versed in the spirit or the letter of our
institutions can seriously contend for
such powers as the President undertakes
to exercise in his proclamation. The as-
sumption of them has alarmed the Ameri-
can mind, and the contemplation of the
result of them has grieved the American
heart. Disguise the purpose as you may,
it is in truth an inducement to sevele in-
surrection, by giving it a probability of
success in forbidding the army to inter-
fere. I will not pause here to depict the
horrors of a servile war; no imagination
can conceive of them—no pen can paint
them. Even the sanguinary Cataline,
impressed with the sense of the horrors
of servile war, and scrupulously regard-
ing the dignity of Roman citizenship, re-
jected the aid of slaves, although they
flocked in great numbers to his
standard. And those slaves were men of
the same generic root as the Romans,
and many of them educated in the arts
and arms. This historic truth might have
been heeded with profit by the President,
and the force of it is immensely increased
from the fact that the "American citizens
of African descent" are the progeny of a
brutal ancestry, and of a different race
from our own.

But suppose his plan succeeds so far as
to give freedom to four millions of slaves,
and that it is effected without servile in-
surrection, what then is to be done with
them? Are they to be permitted to
choose their own domiciliation, and, if
they are, may they not come into Ken-
tucky in vast masses and as effectually
destroy the institution here as if our State
had not been excepted out of the im-
mediate operation of the manifesto?—
Most assuredly such would be the result.
If the migratory wave comes this way,
how can it be checked? According to the
President's view it will be an effort at
freedom and the army is forbidden to in-
terfere. If, on the other hand, it is the
intention to permit them to remain where
they are, and all the landed estate is to be
forfeited, will it not be given to them as
its lawful inheritors? What then is to be-
come of the white race? Either exter-
mination or removal must follow, or if
they remain they will be reduced to the
most abject poverty; instead of raising
the standard of the "ignorant whites,"
as some call them, it will reduce them all
to that level.

But the saddest and most deplorable
effect of the proclamation will be to fire
the whole South into one burning mass of
inextinguishable hate and study for re-

venge, and to utterly destroy all hope of
restoring the Union. This war was un-
deraken for that purpose alone—it was
to put down the rebellion in order that
the ancient limits of the nation and the
integrity of the Constitution might be
maintained. But what hope can there be
of bringing about such desirable results,
if the attempt is made to strip the entire
South bare of all estate, real, personal
and mixed? It will produce such a spirit
of antagonism—such a fierce and uncom-
promising resistance, that no after propo-
sitions will be heeded, and will, of neces-
sity, compel the Southern people to fight
as those only can fight who fight for their
homes and their families and all that
makes life dear. And then, too, what a
future does it present to the occupants of
the Mississippi Valley? Of what value
will be the use of the great artery of our
commerce, when it leads us through deso-
lated fields or to the barren agriculture of
a lazy, ignorant race who produce nothing
to tempt enterprise, and whose sole idea
of liberty is to live without labor? The
entire upper region of the Ohio and Mis-
sissippi is virtually interwoven in the de-
feat of this monstrous edict. It will
reach to every farm and workshop of that
vast region, and it will destroy the best
market for whatever the industry of the
people might produce. I will not per-
use these views any further—they are
suggestions that must sink deep into the
mind of every statesman.

But by far the most alarming aspect in
which the proclamation presents itself is
its usurpation of the powers of the
Government upon the specious pretext
that the President "sincerely believes it
to be an act of justice, warranted by the
Constitution upon 'military necessity.'"
If military necessity is not to be measured
by constitutional limits, we are no longer
a free people. The sword has become
paramount, and the civil authority sub-
ordinate. The monstrous doctrine has
already received an indignant rebuke from
the people themselves. The great States
of New York, Ohio, Indiana, New Jer-
sey and Illinois, in their recent elections,
have put their veto upon it; and later re-
turns indicate that Connecticut and other
parts of New England will soon add their
emphatic condemnation. Indeed, it is
apparent that the people are aroused to
the sense of the danger that threatens
their constitutional liberties, and will, in
good time, come to the rescue. Until
that day, which is unquestionably near at
hand, arrives, it becomes Kentucky to
maintain the position she has hitherto oc-
cupied. Let her not abate one jot or
tittle of her opposition to Secession or
Abolition; but let her poise herself upon
the great truth that man is capable of
self-government, and that God designs
this country for a great, free and a happy
people, and shape her policy to that great
end. In the meantime the Legislature
would do well to follow the example of
our Kentucky fathers, and place upon her
records a protest against the proclamation,
and re-affirm the great principles of
American liberty—State and national.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to
remark that the distressing calamities of
the past year teach us an important les-
son. During the long period of our
national independence, God has favored us
as he has favored no other nation.—
He blessed the Union of these States; and
under the Constitution of our fathers the
people were prosperous and happy.—
Man, in the madness of his ambition, or
through the insanity of discontent, under-
took to sever the bonds by which we
were united, and ruin and desolation have
followed. The wrath of man has been let
loose, and it has shown us what a
fearful penalty awaits those who misuse
the goodness of Providence. Yet our
Heavenly Father has claims upon our
gratitude for the mercies He has mixed
with his chastisement. He has caused
the earth to be prodigal in its yield. The
seed time and the harvest have come in
their season, and the garner have been
filled to overflowing with the abundance
of the past year. He has tempered the
winds and so directed all the elements of
life, that the pestilence that walketh at
noon-day has not placed its foot within
our borders, and health has been vouch-
safed to us in an unusual degree. For
these and all His blessings to us, we, the
people should praise Him.

J. F. ROBINSON.

January 3, 1863.

MARRIED

On the 8th inst., by Elder Wm. Steele,
Mr. JOHN M. TOMLINSON of Louisville, to
Miss LUCY F. PEMBERTON of Henderson.
Louisville Journal and Democrat, and
Lexington Observer please copy.

DIED

In this city, on Sunday night, 11 inst.,
DAVID J. LAMBERT, son of Rev. Joel
Lambert—aged 21 years 2 months and 9
days.

—In this city on the night of the
1st inst., Mr. LEON H. SNEED—aged 25
years 9 months and 10 days.

Leonard Sneed was a young man of
many noble attributes of character, and
was loved and esteemed by all who knew
him. Possessing strong attachments for
his friends, he was amiable in tempera-
ment, genial in disposition, kind-hearted
and generous. But he has gone to that
rest which knows no waking. He sleeps
his last sleep in the silent city of the dead.
No earthly turmoil or strife disturbs his
peaceful slumber in that quiet repose of
frail mortality. He died in the blessed
hope of a blissful immortality, evincing
in his last moments that calm serenity and
happy tranquility experienced by those
only who have received the priceless boon
of God's forgiveness. And while his
relatives and friends mourn that all that
was mortal of Leonard Sneed is no more,
let them rejoice that the freed spirit of the
dutiful son, the affectionate brother, the
cherished friend and associate, has pierc-
ed the veil and is clothed in robes of ris-
tlessness "on the other side."

ITEMS.

BY "THINKS-TO-MYSELF WHO?"

On the first Tuesday after Christmas, three young men, living in the city and county, determined on having a jolly time of it at a party given at the house of one of the prominent citizens of Cairo. Evidently thinking that "Christmas comes but once a year," and to create a sensation among the Cairoites, they all went in their shirt-sleeves, riding mules bareback, with blind bridles. These young gentlemen luxuriated under the following cognomens—Dick, Henry, and Possum. To make time glide along more rapidly, they procured the essential inspirer of felicitous thought, denominated by a celebrated temperance editor, "mean whiskey." Taking the precious treasure with them, they frequently "smiled" over it, and from the manner in which they "cut up," it was evident that this kind of "smile," like the coquette's, intoxicated. After riding some distance, they met on the road several young ladies going to the same party. Possum, wishing to exhibit his proficiency in male-manship, dashed away violently ahead of the ladies, when his mule, not relishing the play, put a finale to it by casting him headlong into a muddy ditch, and then ran off, leaving poor Possum to cogitate on the mutability of mulish fancy. With true Possum grit, he arose, muttering, "I'll have to grin and bear it, I suppose." Henry, scorning the unhappy terminus of Possum's brief dash, clapped his spurs to his mule, and rode off, but his mule, following in the wake of Possum's, capered about awhile, and precipitated him into a filthy puddle of mud and water, where a great many cows had recently congregated, leaving him to ruminate on the odoriferousness of some of the things in nature. Dick, fearing lest he should meet with the same fate, held his reins, but his stomach, being much tossed and shook by the inhalation from the region where the jockless Henry had fallen, combined with the workings of the alcoholic fluid, he gave a heave, such as they say the Atlantic sometimes makes, and splattered the ground with the contents. The ladies, we understand, were highly delighted with the performance.

...We've got an item of the romantic order this week, and if we were a novel writer, we would immediately begin the publication in one of the New York papers, of a thrilling romance, entitled, "Grooman, or the Lover's Revenge," but as we don't aspire to that honor, we'll have to leave out the extras, and merely give a succinct account of the terrible affair. It seems that the principal actor in the scene was Grooman, and, being a very fastidious young gentleman, must, necessarily have a sweetheart; and that sweetheart, being a fastidious young lady, neither eyes with love on the aforesaid young gentleman. Grooman returned the love of the heroine before mentioned lady. After many very affecting interviews, and after recapitulating the sum total of the love blazing in their hearts, the happy day was named by the fair lady, and the joyous Grooman went on his way rejoicing. Grooman went, it is said, by the following heart-rending delivery; and we being behind the door listening, at the time, give it verbatim et literatim:

"I tell you, my dear one, that the scintillating fire from your eyes has ignited the charcoal of my soul, and it is now blazing in my breast with the fervent heat of a Vesuvius, and if you will marry me it will add fuel to the flame, which will blaze on till the whole world shall be involved in a general conflagration, and its monument of ashes will tell to Eternity the tale of my deathless love."

This did the business and she accepted him. But we digress. The happy Grooman, with heart full of pleasure, and mouth full of tobacco, came to town to procure the necessary apparatus for uniting two persons in the holy bonds of matrimony. Having procured the license he dressed up in his Sundays, and proceeded to the home of his bride-that-was-to-be. Arriving at the house, his betrothed revoked her decision, and concluded not to marry the much-abused Grooman. Desperate in his intentions, the now infuriated Grooman, without mental reservation, concluded to commit suicide. He wanted her to see the horrible fruits of her heartlessness. Flinging off his coat, he proceeded down the road, in full view of his unwilling sweetheart, going a little further, he pulled off his vest, advancing still further, till he came to a good-sized log, he laid his head on it, and drawing a revolver portentously, blazed away fairly at it three times. By some unaccountable accident, an oversight of his, perhaps, the balls whistled harmlessly over his head. His sweetheart in the distance fearing lest he would waste all his powder and lead in the futile attempt to blow out his brains—and to save the other three shots in his pistol—immediately determined to marry Grooman. Rushing up to him, she told him of her resolution. Grooman, again joyous, put on his coat and vest, (which he had pulled off to prevent his brains from soiling) went to the house and was married. "Whorror" for Grooman. May the grease of happiness make slick their road, as they gently slide down the Hill of Time.

...It becomes our duty to ourselves to notice the attempts of a few grovelling muck-worms in this city to traduce our character. Several of these tattling fools have been saying around that we were compelled to make the retraction we made a few weeks since. We did so, not from fear, but from being conscious that we had done an injury to the gentleman concerned. Such men as these that go around and cant about others, breathe nothing but slander and base dissimulation—they are most painful ulcers in the public nose, which are of such a rotten character that they will soon burst, and bedaub themselves with their own filthy corruption. We will let their names wallow and batten in their own putrescence, but should we hear more of it, we will dare the loathsome volume of stink that arises from handling them, and let the public know who they are.

...At one of the Christmas parties recently, a lady and gentleman went out doors, the weather being cold enough to freeze the water in one's mouth, more or less, and after talking about two hours, finally came to the conclusion that if dad and mam didn't say yes, they would leave home and pass through the fire of matrimony, (which fire doth melt two hearts into one). In short, to take a flying trip to that refuge of lovers—Shawneetown. *Amnes fortuna juvat.* They didn't know somebody's ears were wide open round the corner.

...While this individual was carrying his profligacy up street, stretching himself finely, to see how he looked before going to the party on last Friday night, a telegraph post ran suddenly around the corner and struck him full on the nose. Getting up, and feeling if his organ of smell was still in its proper place, he washed off the blood, and on looking in the mirror discovered that the bump he had received on his nasal extremity, gave him an admirable Roman nose. He never knew before that Roman noses were so much loved by a certain young lady—so much he'll apply his nose to the telegraph post pretty often. In return for the compliment to our wounded nose we will say,

"Her angel breast Has never throbb'd with guilty sting, Her bosom is the sweetest rest Where Cupid could repose his wing."

...One night last week a fight came off in the vicinity of Dechamps's store, that should the full particulars be known, would astonish and befuddle the brains of Heenan and Stryker. The parties concerned are named respectively, Joe and Ed. After sparring around for awhile, Ed, full of war, exclaimed "Come on, here's your match." Joe, over-pugnacious, advanced with "tears in his fist, and his eyes doubled up," but the valiant Ed, believing discretion the better part of valor, reined in good order. Joe pursuing, brought up his right wing and hit Ed a "sock-d-lager" in the center. Ed, fired with the retaliatory spirit of the times, proceeded to out-fank Joe, and flinging round his left wing struck him a powerful blow also in the center. The parties with this, being satisfied, withdrew from the field, without the loss of a single man. From eye witnesses of the scene we are told that the field is terribly tore up, Murfreeboro' being scarcely a parallel to it.

TOBACCO MARKET.

LOUISVILLE, January 13.—Sales yesterday of 103 hhds: 2 hhds at \$20.00, 80, 11 at \$9.95, 18 at \$10.10, 10 at \$11.11, 14 at \$12.12, 10 at \$13.13, 10, 6 at \$14.14, 10 at \$15.15, 5 at \$16.16, 16 at \$17.17, 50, 5 at \$18.18, 15 at \$19.25, 1 at \$22.1 at \$23.25, and 1 at 25.25.

STRAY NOTICE.

TAKEN up as a stray by William Faulkner, living seven miles south of the city of Henderson, one Bay Mare, supposed to be about four years old in the Spring; both hind feet white and white ring around the left front foot and about fourteen hinds high. Appraised by me at forty dollars. Given under my hand as Justice of the Peace for Henderson county, this 8th day of January, 1863.

SOL. S. SIZEMORE, J. P. H. C.

Jan. 15, 1863—2m.

Sale of a Runaway Slave!

WILL be sold to the highest bidder, at the Court House door, in the city of Henderson, on the first day of next February—Term of the Henderson County Court, as a runaway slave, a certain negro man, now in jail. He is about 33 years old, five feet 8 inches high, a dark copper color, has good teeth, good manners and good countenance, has a small scar on the point of his nose, occasioned he says by a kick from a mule, and a scar on the back of his neck, and weighs about 165 pounds. The purchaser will be required to give bond with good security to have the force and effect of a regular bond.

SOL. S. SIZEMORE, J. P. H. C.

Jan. 15, 1863—2m.

STRAY NOTICE.

TAKEN up as a stray by W. H. Grigsby, living about 7 miles south of Henderson, one Bay MARE, about fifteen or twenty years old, left hind foot white, large star in the forehead and snip on the nose, and some saddle marks. No other marks or brands were visible. Appraised by me at 25 dollars. Given under my hand as Justice of the Peace for Henderson county, this January 3d, 1863.

SOL. S. SIZEMORE, J. P. H. C.

January 8th, 1863—4m.

STRAYED.

FROM the lot of Mr. William McClain, of this city, a black mule, about seven years old, branded with letters I, W, F on the left hip. Any one delivering the mule to the undersigned, or F. C. Denton, shall be liberally rewarded.

HENRY POWELL.

January 8th, 1863—4m.

COMMITTED.

COMMITTED to the jail of Livingston county, Ky., on the 17th day of December, 1862, a negro man named THORN TON. He is of dark copper color, about five feet 6 inches high, will weigh about 165 lbs., about 2 years of age, and says he belongs to William Radford, of Christian county, Ky. The owner of said negro can come forward, prove property, pay charges and get him, or he will be dealt with according to law.

T. A. LEEPER, J. L. C.

An Ordinance

To repeal and amend an Ordinance entitled "Offences and Punishments."

Be it ordained by the Mayor and Council of the City of Henderson, That so much of section 10 of Ordinance No. 15, entitled "Offences and Punishments," adopted May 13th, 1862, as may be so construed as to relate to Door Steps, be and the same is hereby repealed; and

Be it further ordained, That the following amendment be and the same is hereby adopted as part of said Ordinance, to-wit: Any person may put up Door Steps in front of their residences occupying not more than four feet of the pavement, but in no case shall the width of the pavement outside of such steps be thereby reduced to less than eleven feet.

Passed January 6th, 1863, and in force from January 19th, 1863.

D. BANKS, Mayor.

A True Copy:

F. W. REUTLINGER, Clerk.

January 8th, 1863—2w.

COMMITTED.

COMMITTED to the jail of Livingston county, Ky., on the 22d of December, 1862, a negro man who says his name is BEN. He is about 25 years of age, about 5 feet 10 inches high, of black color, sharp long face, will weigh about 150 or 160 pounds. Says he belongs to Wm. Jones, 160 miles from Nashville, Tenn.

The owner of said negro can come forward, prove property, pay charges and get him, or he will be dealt with according to law.

T. A. LEEPER, J. L. C.

January 8th, 1863—4m.

COMMITTED.

COMMITTED to the jail of Livingston county, Ky., July 17th, 1862, a negro man named JACK. He is about 5 ft. 8 inches high, will weigh about 150 pounds, is of black color, and has some of his front teeth out. Says he belongs to Richard Phelps, of New Madrid county, Missouri.

The owner of said negro can come forward, prove property, pay charges and get him, or he will be dealt with according to law.

T. A. LEEPER, J. L. C.

January 1, 1863—4m.

Committed.

COMMITTED to the jail of Livingston county, Ky., on the 8th of December, 1862, a negro man who says his name is CHARLES. Said negro is about 25 years of age, is black, will weigh about 170 pounds, and is 5 feet 10 inches high. Says he belongs to Mrs. Ellen Harris, of Todd county, Kentucky.

The owner of said negro can come forward, prove property and pay charges, or he will be dealt with according to law.

T. A. LEEPER, J. L. C.

January 1, 1863—4m.

FOUND!

A SMALL sum of money which the owner can have by describing same, and applying to the undersigned, residing near the Barren meeting house.

Jan. 1, 1863—2w. JOSEPH FARLEY.

ORIENTAL MILL,

HENDERSON, KY.

HAVING purchased of J. H. Butler his interest in the above property, I will continue the MILLING BUSINESS in all its various branches, and hope, by industry and close attention to business, to merit and receive a reasonable share of the public patronage. I will endeavor to make the VERY BEST of

FLOUR AND MEAL,

and sell it at such prices as to make it to the interest of all to buy of me. I will keep a supply of Flour and Meal at all times, at Whiting & Cox's grocery, and at the Mill.

My Prices, for the Present, will be:

For Flour, delivered, to citizens, from \$2.10 to \$2.60 per 100 lbs.

Flour, by the Sack, from \$2.35 to \$2.85.

Flour, by the Barrel, from \$1.25 to \$1.75.

Shirts, 100 lbs for \$1.00.

Ships, 115 lbs. for \$1.00, or 85 cents per hundred.

Bran, 154 lbs. for \$1.00, or 65 cts. per 100.

Corn Meal, 45 cents per bushel.

N. B.—The cash must attend all orders, unless by special agreement with me to the contrary.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

JOHN C. STAPP.

December 19th, 1862.

CELEBRATED

RAMSLEY SPECTACLES

KEPT constantly on hand and for sale—

Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY

REPAIRED.

Silverware and Jewelry

Made to order. Patronage solicited.

A. J. SHARRARD.

Main Street, between 2d and 3d.

Henderson, Nov. 27, 1862.

STRAY NOTICE!

TAKEN up as strays by John W. S. Farley living upon the Ohio river, about four miles above the city of Evansville, on the Kentucky shore, two black Canadian PONEYS, about fourteen and fifteen hands high, marked with white in the face and snip on the nose. Each has white hind feet and branded with large diamond sign up upon the left thigh; one about seven years old, the other about six years old. Appraised by me, one at sixty dollars, the other at \$75. Given under my hand as Justice of the Peace for Henderson county, this 13th day of December, 1862.

SOL. S. SIZEMORE J. P.

Dec. 18th—4w

Strayed.

STRAYED from Dr. A. B. Bailey's farm, situated near Corydon, Henderson county, Ky., in the latter part of August last, one MULE, about 14 hands high, chestnut color, with the following marks, viz: one scar supposed to be a burn, on the right or left jaw, uncertain which, right hind foot straight and the hair was off just above the hoof in a circle round the ankle. She is supposed to have strayed for Davies county, near Callison's Ferry. I am willing to give a liberal reward for said mule, delivered at Dr. Bailey's, or for information that will obtain her.

Dec. 11, '62—4w

C. C. BAILL.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.

ALL those knowing themselves indebted to the estate of Jas. W. Clay, dec'd., are requested to come forward and make settlement, and those holding claims against said estate are notified to justify them as the law requires and present them.

C. M. CLAY, Administratrix.

Henderson, Ky., July 17, 1862.

CITY DRUG STORE.

F. B. CROMWELL,

(Successor to Cromwell & Marks.)

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

Main Street, Henderson, Ky.

SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR!

MY STOCK IS NOW FULL AND COMPLETE, EMBRACING, IN PART, AS

DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, Putty and Painters' Articles; Perfumery, Brushes, Combs, Soaps, and Toilet Articles; Pure Wines, Brandies and other Liquors, for

Medical purposes only; Letter, Cap and Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, superior Inks; all the popular Patent Medicines of the

day, Coal Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Wicks, and everything pertaining to the lamp trade. Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff, of the choicest brands, &c.

Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded at all Hours, Day or Night.

My Goods have been bought LOW FOR CASH, and selected with an eye to the wants of this people, consequently I am enabled to sell at the VERY LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Physicians and Country Merchants supplied at fair prices.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

October 2, 1862—1v

F. B. CROMWELL.

House-Furnishing Depot

N. H. BARNARD,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

STOVES, CRATES,

CASTINGS, HOLLOW WARE,

TIN, COPPER

Sheet-Iron Ware,

MAIN STREET,

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

I HAVE just received a large stock, embracing every article in the house-furnishing line, consisting in part of

COOK STOVES of various patterns, HEATING STOVES, coal or wood, PLAIN AND FANCY TIN-WARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, SKILLETS, LIDS AND OVENS,

Chain Pumps, Tea Kettles, Stew Pots, and every other article usually found in a similar establishment.

TERMS POSITIVELY CASH.

Waverly Magazine,

For Family Amusement and Instruction.

EDITED BY MOSES A. DOW.

IT is the largest Weekly paper ever published in this country. Its contents are such as will be appreciated in the most fastidious circles—nothing immoral being admitted into its pages. It will furnish as much reading matter as almost any one can find time to peruse, consisting of TALES, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, together with Music and Poetry. The paper contains no ultra sentiments, and meddles neither with politics nor religion, but is characterized by a high moral tone. It circulates all over the country from Maine to California.

TERMS.—The Waverly Magazine is published weekly by Moses A. Dow, No. 5 Lindell-street, Boston, Mass. Two editions are printed, one on thick paper for Periodical Dealers, at 6 cents a copy, and an edition for mail subscribers (on a little thinner paper so as to come within the low postage law) at \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months, always in advance.

Clubs, by mail, 6 for 6 months, \$5. Six for 12 months, \$9. Ten for 6 months, \$8. Ten for 12 months, \$15. Paper stopped when the last number paid for is sent. A new volume commences every July and January. But if a person commences at any number in the volume, and pays for six months, he will have a complete book, with a title-page. Three copies 12 months for \$5.

When a subscriber orders a renewal of his subscription he should tell us what was the last number he received, then we shall know what number to renew at without hunting over our books. Otherwise we shall begin when the money is received. Persons writing for the paper must write their name, post-office, county and State, very distinctly. Those who wish their papers changed should tell where it has previously been sent. Postage on this paper is twenty-six cents a year, payable in advance at the office where taken out.

Clubs must always be sent at one time to get the benefit of the low price. We cannot send them at the club price unless received all together, as it is too much trouble to look over our books or keep an account with each one getting them out.

MONTHLY PARTS.—\$3 a year, or two for \$5 in advance. Any one sending us Four Dollars can have one copy of the WAVERLY MAGAZINE, and either of the following works for one year by mail: "Peterson's Ladies' Magazine," "Harper's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," "Ladies' Gazette of Fashion," or "Atlantic Monthly."

THE WAY TO SUBSCRIBE.—The proper mode to subscribe for a paper is to enclose the money in a letter and address the publisher direct, giving individual with written the post office, county and State very plainly written, as post-marks are often illegible.

TOBACCO WANTED!

I WISH to buy 1,000,000 lbs. of TOBACCO, for which I will pay the CASH as the tobacco is delivered. Call and see me before you send.

JOHN C. STAPP.

Henderson, Ky., Nov. 13th, 1862.

TAKEN UP

BY the undersigned, living in Henderson county, about five miles from the city of Henderson on the old Knoblick road, one light sorrel HORSE, dark-colored mane and tail, large white spot in forehead, fourteen and a half hands high, one hind foot white above the pastern and the other white to the pastern. No marks or brands perceptible.

H. B. BUTLER.

Henderson Co., Dec. 11, 1862—4w

Henderson Female COLLEGE!

H. B. PARSONS, A. M., PRESIDENT.

THIS institution will commence its third session of ten months on Monday, September 1st, 1862.

The following lists will represent charges for the respective branches taught in this institution:

Academical branches, including the entire Mathematical course, \$30 00 Latin, 20 00 Greek, 20 00 French, 20 00 Students taking the entire Collegiate course, 70 00

The above has reference to a session of ten months.

Proper deductions will be made in case of protracted illness on the part of pupils.

Each Student will be charged \$1 for incidental expenses.

Henderson, June 26, 1862—y

STILL OPEN!

FRESH ARRIVAL

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

B. KOLTINSKY,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Groceries and Liquors!

At Atkinson's Old Stand, Mill Street,

HENDERSON, KY.

CHEAPEST MART

IN THE CITY!

I WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Henderson and surrounding country that I am truly thankful for the liberal patronage extended to me during the first three months of my stay in this city, and hope to largely increase my trade for the future. I have just received new additions to my already large stock, and now offer to the people almost every article in the Grocery line at

Prices to Suit the Times.

My terms are CASH EXCLUSIVELY, and my motto,

QUICK SALES & SMALL PROFITS.

I invite the attention of purchasers to my stock, and request an examination before purchasing elsewhere.

B. KOLTINSKY.

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC LIQUORS.

MY stock of Liquors is very large, consisting of Fine French Brandy, imported direct from Europe; Apple and Peach Brandy, Catawba, Madeira, Blackberry and Raspberry Brandy; Holland Gin, Rum, Bourbon and Rye Whisky, Port and Sherry Wine, Rhine Wine, Bitters.

The attention of country merchants is especially called to this

The Atlantic Telegraph.

Mr. Heskyns, R. N., who recently surveyed portions of the western coasts of Ireland; on board the Porcupine, has made a communication to the Atlantic Telegraph Company on the subject, and the following are extracts from the same: "I think there can be no reasonable doubt now that the descent from the Irish bank to the bed of the ocean is all that we can desire for the safe laying of the cable.—So far from its being a precipice, a locomotive might run up some of the inclines, and many turnpike roads have steeper ascents. The face of this slope, and indeed the bed of the ocean everywhere when below the depth of five hundred or six hundred fathoms, is covered with the soft clayey substance called by seamen 'ooze.' This deposit, in the opinion of Professor King and other naturalists, is going on so copiously and unceasingly that a cable once laid would, in the course of a few years, be covered up, and so forever sealed against the action of all external agencies."

The letter speculates on the best kind of cable for the service, and winds up as follows: "I think, therefore, that the lightest cable that can be made would be the most likely to solve this problem successfully. The shore-ends, and where it crosses shoal water, must of course be protected. The comparatively small cost of such a cable, and the ease with which it may be run out, makes it worth a trial; if one should succeed, of which I have no doubt, we might soon have duplicates and triplicates."

Mr. C. F. Varley, the electrician, has also addressed a fresh communication to the company, showing the improvements that have recently taken place in the insulation of cables, and the conducting power of copper. Mr. Varley says:—"The cost of working cables across the Atlantic with a large core, whose speed is twelve words per minute, will be no greater than that of working a smaller core of only one or two words per minute. The larger core giving twelve words per minute will cost but little more for the external covering and submersion than the smaller core giving but one or two words per minute. Three hundred and fifty thousand pounds will make and lay a cable across the Atlantic, with a conductor weighing ninety-three pounds to the mile. Seven hundred thousand pounds will make and lay a cable with a conductor of five hundred and sixty pounds to the mile. Hence there would be a manifest economy in using a cable whose speed of transmission is pretty rapid."

"To go beyond the speed of twelve words a minute would not be attended with a corresponding economy, because the operators cannot work with so much efficiency at higher speeds. The Atlantic Telegraph Company would have but two stations in a distance of nearly two thousand miles, and could consequently afford to pay such a price as would secure the services of the most skilled operators to be found, together with the most improved instruments which science can produce—two very important items in the commercial success of the undertaking."

The English Government has ordered to be manufactured, as soon as possible, over twelve hundred miles of submarine cable, to be used in completing the telegraphic communication between England and India.

A FEMALE FURY.—A letter from Madrid, in the *Debates*, says: "A woman known as the 'She Wolf' has been the terror of Galicia and the neighboring provinces for the last twenty years. Always on horseback, and followed by a small number of bandits, she was at the head of all the robberies and murders committed in that part of Spain. Woe to the travelers and muleteers who crossed her path! Any attempt at resistance was sure to be punished by death, which was often accompanied by the most atrocious tortures. Josepha Perez, as the woman was named, committed the most revolting acts of ferocity on her victims. Often she had to defend herself against armed forces, and the advantage has always been on her side until now, when the Mayor of San Jacinto de Compostella, who was in search of a criminal, discovered the cave which served as a place of concealment to the 'She Wolf,' and in which she was arrested with one of her accomplices."

Influence of Hymns.

Magdeburg is memorable in the story of hymns, for it was at the cruel sacking of it by Tilly that the school children marched across the market-place singing, and so enraged him that he bid them all to be slain; and from that day, say the chroniclers, the fortune departed from him, nor did he smile again. Other hymns were more fortunate, for we read of a certain rough captain who would not bate a crown of the thirty thousand he levied off a captured town, till at last the arch-deacon summoned the people together, saying, "Come, my children, we have no more either audience or grace with men, let us plead with God;" and when they had entered the church, and sung a hymn, the fine was remitted to a thousand.—The same hymn played as mercurial a part in another town, which was to be burned for contumacy. When mercy had been asked in vain, the clergyman marched out with twelve boys to the general's tent, and sang there before him, when, to their amazement, he fell upon the pastor's neck and embraced him. He had discovered in him an old student friend, and spared the place; and still the afternoon service at Pagan is commemorated with the memorable hymn that saved it. Of another, it is said that a famous robber having been changed himself, sang it among his men, so that many of them were changed also. Rough hearts, indeed seem often the most susceptible. A major in command of thirty dragoons entered a quiet village, and demanded within three hours more

than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father, one of his daughters took her guitar, and sang to it one of Gerhardt's hymns. Presently the door softly opened; the officer stood at it, and motioned her to continue; and when the hymn was sung, thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons, and rode off.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Ideas of Progress.

The *Commercial*, in chronicling the opinion of Mr. Attorney General Bates, "deciding void the Dred Scott Decision," says:

This is another sign of progress. Under the principles and acts of an Administration like the present, there will be no more refusal of passports to "free Americans of African descent," and the bitter persecution of colored seamen in Southern ports would be likely to cease."

Progress No. 1.—Suspension by the President of the writ of *habeas corpus*.

Progress No. 2.—Incarceration without process.

Progress No. 3.—Kidnapping of white people for incarceration.

Progress No. 4.—Declaring negroes the equal of whites.

Progress No. 5.—The nullification by an Attorney General of a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

And there is a great deal of other "progress"—not the least of which is that which sets "the war power" of a President over the Constitution, and which turns proclamations into statute law, common law, national law, fundamental, constitutional law. This is a great age of Progress—backward and downward—the progress of a crab—one start ahead, two starts in the rear.—*New York Express.*

AMERICAN HOPEFULNESS.—One of the American characteristics which most surprised the good-natured Mr. Trollope, in his recent journey through this country, is the imperturbable good humor and hopefulness of the people who are ruined by the calamities of the war. They never weep, or wring their hands, or tear their hair. One man, from whom the secessionists of Missouri had taken cattle and crops, and all the fruit of years, merely remarked, in a quiet way, while he picked his teeth with a bowie-knife, "Yes they are kinder rough with me."—That was all; he had nothing else to say. Mr. Trollope thinks a genuine American never complains and never desponds.—Whatever happens in the external world, says Mr. T., "the man is always there."

At a banquet recently given at Tromsø, in Norway, a dish of fresh beef was served which was found last summer in tin cases, buried at Spitzbergen. According to indisputable indications, these cases were placed there by the Parry expedition, in 1836. The meat was perfectly fresh, and had not contracted any bad odor.

From Vicksburg, via Richmond. WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—The Richmond papers of Monday have the following: Vicksburg, January 2, 1863. To Hon. James A. Seddon, Sec'y of War: The enemy finding his efforts unavailing to make any inroad upon our position here, has re-embarked, leaving a considerable quantity of intrenching tools and other property, and apparently has relinquished his designs upon Vicksburg. [Signed] J. C. PEMBERTON, Lieut. Gen. Commanding.

The Retreat from Vicksburg. We learn from the Confederate accounts, via Richmond, that the Federal army, under General Sherman, after its severe and bloody repulse at Vicksburg, retreated on board its boats, and went back to Memphis. This is one of the severest defeats we have suffered during the war. The reduction of Vicksburg was looked upon as a certainty after the formidable preparations directed against it, and the disappointment at the failure will be intense all over the country. It has cost the nation many millions of treasure and seven or eight thousand valuable lives. It is another incident showing the fruitless and profitless nature of the struggle in which we are engaged. *Cincinnati Enquirer*, 9th.

In the town of Quimber, in Brittany, a very singular custom prevails.—The men wear a very peculiar kind of one corner hat. The manner of wearing it gives very important information to the women of the neighborhood.

A widower wears his hat in such a way as to bring the corner right over the forehead, showing that his life has been overshadowed.

The married man wears his hat so that the corner is over his back, signifying that he can only look back for happiness.

The "jolly bachelor" causes the corner to come jauntily over his ear, which may mean that he is open to proposals.

From the Dayton (Ohio) Empire.

The Great Battle near Murfreesboro. There is reason to believe that the four days fighting near Murfreesboro has been, with perhaps the exception of the seven days fighting before Richmond, the most terrific and stubbornly contested of any since the commencement of the war.—Both armies have won imperishable honors, and demonstrated to the world that no other nation can compare with Americans in cool, unflinching courage, daring, heroism and bravery.

The loss of life in these battles has been terrible, both sides fighting with the most obstinate bravery. And, so far as we can judge from the very unreliable and somewhat conflicting reports before us, no decisive result has been achieved. Both armies have performed prodigies of valorous daring and won imperishable honors, but in our opinion neither can claim a decisive victory. Thousands of lives have been sacrificed, and for what? Are we any nearer the subjugation of the South than before these battles and terrible loss of life? But we have no hope

that this fratricidal strife will end with the blood already shed. The Administration will claim a great victory at Murfreesboro, and thereupon all the Abolition war-papers in the country will raise the cry that the "backbone of the rebellion is broken"—the "war is about ended in the Southwest," &c. There will be found plenty of people to believe them, although they have been deceived by just such stuff, time and again, and, under a fresh impetus given by this false hope of speedily crushing the rebellion, thousands of lives more will be offered up in this fruitless contest. And after all the loss of blood and treasure, and the piling up of a huge national debt that the youngest among us will not live to see liquidated, it will have to be settled by compromise. How the Abolitionists hate that word!

Washing "Windies."

A short time ago a south-end house-keeper, who supposed that her windows required washing, employed a woman, well known in the neighborhood, to assist her own Biddy in performing the work. The inside cleansing was very satisfactorily done, the clatter of the two Irish tongues keeping time to the flourish of the wash clothes. When they came to the outside, however, a brilliant labor-saving idea struck the prolific mind of the assistant.

"Biddy, yer crater," she says to the servant maid, "my Patrick washes the windies of Mr. Jifferson, who lives just round the corner of the strate, and he uses a long piece of hose, as he calls it, and squirts the water up to the top windies. I know the mistress; she is a nice lady, and she will lend me the long hose, which looks like an ugly black snake, but it will throw up the water like the fountaining in the frog pond."

"Ah, Katy, go along with you, then," says Biddy, "but yer're always great in experimenting."

Off, then, drudged the woman, and soon she returned, perspiring in the heat of summer's sun, with fifty feet of stout Cochituate hose upon her arms and shoulders. It was then proposed to put the labor-saving machine into operation.—Biddy, under directions, brought out a bucket of water and a tin funnel, and was set to holding the pipes, while the master spirit, with bucket and funnel, attempted to fill up the other end of the hose with water. Biddy directed the point of the pipe towards the unwashed windows, but the water followed the laws of gravity and came out where it went in. The dabbler in hydraulics grew tired and a little cross in the heat, and the projector thought of another plan.

"We'll get the big washtub, Biddy," says she, "full of water; the bucket don't hold enough. We'll put one end of the hose in the full tub, and the water will fly out of the other."

That experiment was also unsuccessful, and the disappointed Katy lugged back her heavy weight of hose, a sadler tho' not a wiser woman, remarking: "My Pat can throw the water up to the top of the house, but I cannot get it out of the other end of this foolish contrivance."

The movements, however, had not gone on without spectators; ladies telegraphed to each other as the work proceeded, and the "merry wives" had more than one laugh over the new movement in hydraulics.

A young married woman, whose husband has "gone to the war," heard in conversation the remark that the government wanted more cavalry and more infantry. She replied that she knew nothing about cavalry, but added with a sigh, that if more infantry was needed the government had better send some of the volunteers home again.

It should be necessary only to grow old to get more indulgent.

We shall seldom see a fault that we have not committed ourselves.

If the world knock you down and jostles by you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows and begin again.

Tobacco and Cigar Store.

TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS!

JOHN REICHERT, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cigars, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN TOBACCO AND CIGARS, HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

REICHERT informs the citizens of Henderson that he has removed to the stand formerly occupied by E. M. Allen, and has on hand a large stock of Tobacco and Cigars of all brands, Pipes of all kinds; Amber and Meerschaum Mouth-Pieces, and his fine every thing usually found in a first-class Tobacco and Cigar Store. He would also respectfully solicit a liberal patronage from the hands of the good people of Henderson. Feb. 8th, 1863.—y

Lightning Rods!

WE keep constantly on hand several patterns of first-rate Lightning Rods, and hold ourselves in readiness to put them up on all kinds of buildings, to order.

T. M. JENKINS & CO. Henderson, June 10, 1862.

DR. CAMPBELL, SURGEON DENTIST! Office over Mr. Hart's Store.

DR. CAMPBELL is still at his old stand, prepared to do all kinds of work embraced in the Dental Profession. Entrance to his office on Mill street. April 4, 1861.—y

ESTRAY NOTICE!

TAKEN UP as a stray by Arthur J. Hicks, living in the neighborhood of Hobardsville, one red and white colored HELLER, two years old in the spring. Appraised by the undersigned at seven dollars. Has been in the neighborhood since May last. This December 7, 1862. E. T. HAZLEWOOD, J. F. January 1, 1863.—4w*

GROCERIES!

NEW GOODS

AT THE CITY

GROCERY STORE!

T. L. NORRIS, STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCER,

South-East Corner Main and Mill Streets.

HENDERSON, KY.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND AM constantly receiving, a new stock of Fancy and Staple Groceries, bought with a view to The Wants of this Community, which I intend to sell at prices to suit the times. My Goods are purchased exclusively for cash, and I intend doing

A STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS.

Thankful for the liberal patronage I have received of the citizens of Henderson and the adjoining counties, I hope to merit the continuance of the same.

I request those in the habit of buying by the package in Evansville to give me a call, and I will convince them it will be to their interest to purchase here.



My stock consists, in part, of the following articles:

Double refined loaf and crushed and powdered Sugar, Brown Sugar, from fair to fully fair, Java, Laguira, St. Domingo and Rio Coffee, Ground Alum and Table Salt, Imperial Gun Powder, Y. Hyson and Blk Tea, Chocolate, Golden Syrup, Sugar House Syrup, New Orleans Molasses, in bbls and kegs; Pure Cider Vinegar, Nails of every variety, Soda, Wine, Ginger, Boston, Butter and Sugar Crackers; Layer and M. Raisins, in whole, half and quarter boxes; Soft shelled Almonds, Filberts, Dates, Prunes and Figs; Currants and Citron, Macaroni and Vermacelli, Pie Fruits, consisting of Whortleberries, Damson Cherries, Peaches, Quinces, Gooseberries, Crab Apples, Blackberries, Raspberries, Rubarb; Currant, Quince, Plum and Pine Apple Jellies, Extracts for cooking purposes—Bitter Almond, Strawberry, Lemon, Damask Rose, Vanilla, English, American and French Brandy, Peaches and Apricots, Strawberries, Canton Ginger, Lemons, Walnut, Tomato and Oyster Catsups, Fresh Tomatoes, Pepper, Oyster and Worcester Sauce, White Fish, Herring, Codfish and Mackerel, in bbls, 1/2 bbls, and kits No. 1, 2 and 3; Dried Beef Tongues, Fresh Cove Oysters direct from Baltimore, in 1 and 2 lb. cans, Fresh Lobsters and Sardines, Piccolilla, Chow Chow, Pine Apple, English Dairy and W. R. Cheese, Rice, Corn Starch, Pearl Hominy, White Beans, Cincinnati and Louisville Star and Mould Candies, in whole, half and quarter boxes; Palm, Family and German Soap, Honey, transparent and almond Toilet Soap, Shaving Soap, Pepper, Spice, Nutmegs, Mace, Ginger and Citron; Gum Drops Assorted Candies, in boxes of 5 to 40 lbs. Cedar, Ash and Pine Churns, Cedar and Pine Tubs, Cedar and Pine Buckets; Clothes and Market Baskets, Pure Old Port Wine, Sherry, Madeira, Malaga, Catawba and Ginger Wine, Champagne and Claret Wines, Pure French Brandy, Old Bourbon, Monongahela and Rye Whisky; Whiting, Blacking and White-Wash Brushes, Indigo, Sal. Soda, Soda, Cream Tartar, Yeast Powders, Axes and Ax-Handles, Horse and Mule Collars, Span Cotton, Lanterns and Candlewick. Nov. 27, '62. T. L. NORRIS.

GO TO KNIGHT'S GALLERY, FOR Life-size Photographs, colored in Oil, Plain Photographs, Cartes de Visit, Photographic Albums, Ephemerides, Ferretypes, Melanotypes, &c. Photographs of the Confederate Generals made to order for 25 cts. each. GALLERY OVER DALLAM & SOAPERS STORE. Henderson, Ky., June 26, 1862.

BOOT AND SHOE-MAKING! K. GEIBEL, BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER, HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he may be found at his stand on Second street, two doors from the corner of Main, where he is prepared and ready at all times to execute any order in his line in a neat, durable and fashionable style. He is determined to do business exclusively

ON THE CASH PLAN and in no instance will credit be extended. He feels grateful for past patronage and assures the public that no pains shall be spared to merit a continuance of the same. 39-7-

CLOTHING! GEORGE HAK, MERCHANT-TAILOR, AND DEALER IN Ready-Made Clothing, At the old Stand of A. H. K. on Mill street, Henderson, Ky.

MAY still be found at his place of business with ready-made Clothing and a stock of Goods, ever ready to serve those who may give him a call, with any article in his line. Terms cheap as any other house in the city. Patronage solicited. February 8th, 1862.

AMERICAN HOUSE. East side Elm, between First and Second street HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

HAVING purchased the house heretofore known as the "Adams House," and thoroughly repaired and refitted the same, I most respectfully ask a liberal share of the public patronage.

Every reasonable exertion will be made to render the guests comfortable, both BOARDERS and TRAVELERS, who may favor me with their patronage. J. H. FULWILER, Proprietor. Jan. 18, 1862.

LEWIS ZELLER, Fashionable Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-Cutting Saloon, Main st., two doors below the Postoffice, HENDERSON, KY.

Will take great pleasure in serving his friends and the public generally in his line in a satisfactory manner. The Shop has recently been refitted in a fashionable manner, and patronage is respectfully solicited. January 18, 1862.

PURE MAYSVILLE COAL OIL for sale by T. L. NORRIS.

CORN MEAL—a good article—always on hand. T. L. NORRIS.

CLOTHING STORE!

O. WENING, (Late of the firm of Hofmann & Wening.)

MAIN STREET, Two doors below F. B. Cromwell's Drug Store, HENDERSON, KY.

THE citizens of Henderson and surrounding country are informed that I have commenced business on my own responsibility, in the house formerly occupied by W. J. Dallam. I have just received a new and seasonable stock of

Ready-Made Clothing!

for the Fall and Winter trade—embracing every article of apparel necessary for complete outfits for gentlemen and boys—consisting of all kinds of goods.

In connection with Ready-Made Clothing, I have a variety of the latest styles of goods, and am prepared to

make to order any article of clothing that may be desired.

I have commenced business with a view to permanency, and intend to keep a supply of clothing and goods of the best quality. I employ the best of workmen and guarantee satisfaction in every instance.

My terms are CASH, at prices as LOW as can be found in the city. C. WENING. Henderson, Ky., October 16—3m

CONFECTIONERY!

JOSEPH DESCHAMP, At the Old Stand, Mill Street, HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

WOULD inform the citizens of Henderson and surrounding country, that he keeps constantly on hand a full stock of all kinds of

Cakes, Candies, Toys,

and every other article usually found in the Confectioner's trade. The stock of Candies and Nick-Nacks is complete, embracing everything in that line that may be called for. He stock of FANCY ARTICLES is also large. Additions have been made to the stock of Toys and he now has a great variety.

Special attention will be paid to baking and ornamenting or decorating alone Cakes for WEDDINGS, PARTIES, &c.

Terms as low as can be had elsewhere.

Fresh Baltimore Oysters

On hand at all times.

Thankful for past favors, I hope to receive a large share of the public patronage, and feel confident of being able to render entire satisfaction to my customers. JOSEPH DESCHAMP. Henderson, October 23d, 1862.

PHOTOGRAPHIC!

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CORN MEAL—a good article—always on hand. T. L. NORRIS.

Negroes! Negroes!

THE undersigned has established a NEGRO DEPOT in the city of Lexington, Ky., and offers his services to the citizens of Henderson, and all others, wishing to purchase Negroes. He will buy and sell, on commission, for persons wishing to invest, on the most favorable terms. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him. A. O. ROBARDS, Lexington, Ky.

Refer to R. G. BEVERLY, Henderson, Ky. July, 10th, 1862.

MARRIAGE!

ITS LOVES AND HATES, SORROWS and angers, hopes and fears, regrets and joys; MANHOOD, how lost, how restored; the nature, treatment and radical cure of Syphilis, or venereal weakness; involuntary emissions, sexual debility and impediments to marriage generally; nervousness, consumption, fits, mental and physical incapacity, resulting from SELF-ABUSE—are fully explained in the MARRIAGE GUIDE, by WM. YOUNG, M. D.

This most extraordinary book should be in the hands of every young person contemplating marriage, and every man or woman who desires to limit the number of their offspring to their circumstances. Every pain, disease and ache incidental to youth, maturity and old age, is fully explained; every particle of knowledge, that should be known is here given. It is full of engravings. In fact, it discloses secrets that every one should know; still it is a book that must be looked up, and not lie about the house. It will be sent to any one on the receipt of twenty-five cents in specie or postage stamps. Address DR. WM. YOUNG, No. 416 SPRUCE Street, above Fourth, Philadelphia.

Dr. Young can be consulted on any of the diseases described in his publications, at his Office, No. 416 Spruce Street, above Fourth, Philadelphia.

Office hours from 9 to 5, daily. April 10th, 1862.—y

H. F. TURNER, Attorney and Counselor at Law HENDERSON, KY.

Will practice in Henderson, Union, Hopkins and Daviess counties, Kentucky. Office on Main street, nearly opposite P. H. Hillier's Bookstore. 39-7—y

UNDERTAKING!

WOOD AND METALIC COFFINS!

HAVING sold my entire stock of Furniture to Mr. A. Palis, who will hereafter carry on that business at my old stand on Main St., I would announce that I am engaged in the Undertaking business exclusively, and at all times have on hand a variety of Metallic and Wood Coffins, and am ever ready to fill orders, which must invariably be accompanied by the cash. I have two HEARSEs, which may be had on Funeral occasions either in the city or county.

Place of business on First street bet. West Hancock House and river. Residence first door below Hancock House. T. SCHAEFFER. Henderson, May 29, 1862.

PRINTING! 1863

Henderson Reporter ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING EMBROIDERING ALL STYLES OF

PLAIN, ORNAMENTAL, & FANCY PRINTING, SUCH AS

CARDS, BILLS OF LADING, Bill-Heads, Hand-Bills, Posters, Programmes, Show Bills, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Ball Tickets, FUNERAL NOTICES, CHECKS, Briefs, By-Laws, Labels, Manifests, Constitutions, INVITATIONS, WAGON RECEIPTS, And every other description of Printing.

THE JOB OFFICE IS UNDER THE SUPERINTENDANCE OF AN Experienced Printer.

THE SELECTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY TYPE, &c., &c., &c., Leaves nothing to be desired in that line, and OUR PRICES are at the Lowest REMUNERATING RATES.

All Orders Promptly and Expeditiously attended to.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS. OUR MOTTO IS NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS AND DISPATCH!